through the guttes of a begger.

*King.* Where is *Polonius?*

*Ham.* In heauen, ſend thether to ſee, if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you goe vppe the ſtayres into the Lobby.

*King.* Goe ſeeke him there

*Ham.* A will ſtay till you come.

*King.* *Hamlet* this deede for thine eſpeciall ſafety
Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſeud thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'aſſotiats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

*Ham.* For *England*

*King.* I *Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

*Ham.* I ſee a Cherub that ſees them, but come for England,
Farewell deere mother.

*King.* Thy louing father *Hamlet.*

*Ham.* My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one fleſh, ſo my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeede aboard,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is ſeald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make haſt,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'ſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our ſoueraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the Hectique in my blood hee rages,

And



And thou muſt cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne. *Exit.*

*Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Armie ouer the Stage.*

*Fortin.* Goe Captaine, from mee greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craues the conueyance of a promiſ'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his maieſty would ought with vs,
Wee ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

*Cap.* I will doo't my Lord.

*Fortin.* Goe ſoftly on.

*Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.*

*Ham.* Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

*Cap.* The are of *Norway* ſir.

*Ham.* How propoſd ſir I pray you?

*Cap.* Aainſt ſome part of *Poland.*

*Ham.* Who commands them ſir?

*Cap.* The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortinbraſſe.*

*Ham.* Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir?
Or for ſome frontire?

*Cap.* Truely to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, ſhould it bee ſould in fee.

*Ham.* Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes it is already garriſond.

*Ham.* Two thouſand ſoules and twenty thouſand duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw,
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you ſir.

*Cap.* God buy you ſir.

*Roſ.* Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

*Ham.* Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions do informe againſt mee,

And



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